

HOMER'S NIGHT OUT

BY

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FADE IN:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - MORNING

We PULL IN on the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON BATHROOM - MORNING

HOMER and MARGE are in the bathroom. Marge is brushing her teeth. Homer is also standing in front of the sink wearing tight boxer shorts.

MARGE

So how was the office birthday party?

HOMER

Oh, it was delightful.

MARGE

Hmmmm.

HOMER

The frosting on the cake was
(INDICATING WITH FINGERS) this thick.
And Eugene Fisk, my poor sucker of an
assistant, didn't know the fruit punch
was spiked. And he really made an ass
of himself putting the moves on the new
girl in Valve Maintenance. (CHUCKLES)

MARGE

Does this girl like him?

HOMER

Pffft. I have to warn you, Marge -- I
think the poor young thing has the hots
for yours truly.

MARGE

Homer!

HOMER

(CHUCKLES) Just keepin' you on your
toes, babe.

Homer steps on the scale.

HOMER

(GASPS) Two-hundred-thirty-nine
pounds?! I'm a blimp! Why are all the
good things so tasty? From now on,
exercise every morning.

Homer starts a series of extremely non-strenuous abdominal
twists and turns, GRUNTING at the exertion.

MARGE

You're not a blimp, Homer. You're my
big cuddly teddy bear.

Marge hugs Homer as he exercises.

HOMER

(GRUNTS)

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. BART'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We start CLOSE UP on a black-and-white photograph of a bodybuilder. As the camera PULLS OUT, we see that we are looking at a bodybuilder advertisement headlined, "Scrawny to Brawny in 10 Days", with stunning before-and-after pictures.

BART

Ah, baloney. Geez!

CAMERA PANS to another ad showing a boy wearing "X-RAY TV GLASSES" watching a woman in a bra and panties on his TV set.

BART (CONT'D)

(DISBELIEVING) Yeah, right.

CAMERA PANS to another ad for "INSTANT HYPNO-COIN," showing a man with swirls for eyes saying, "Certainly, son. Stay up as late as you like."

BART (CONT'D)

Oh, give me a break!

CAMERA PANS to another ad for a "GENUINE AUTHENTIC WORKING SPY CAMERA -- JUST LIKE THE CIA USES." The drawing shows a little boy hiding behind the corner of a building as he snaps a photo of two Nazis in an alley exchanging a document.

BART (CONT'D)

Wow! Cool, man!

BART

Bart reaches up and grabs his piggy bank.

CLOSE UP - PIGGY BANK

We see that it has been glued and taped together after previous smashings. A hammer comes down, **SMASHING** it open. Bart grabs some coins and starts filling an envelope with them... **HUMMING**.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PUBLIC MAILBOX - STREET - DAY

Bart runs up to the mailbox. He has a bulging **JINGLING** envelope. He jerks open the mailbox and slam dunks the envelope inside.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - SNOWING - DAY

TITLE APPEARS: SIX MONTHS LATER

EXT. MASTER BATHROOM

Homer is in his tight boxer shorts. He finishes **GARGLING** and steps on the scale.

HOMER

Oh no! Two-hundred-and-thirty-nine
pounds. I'm a whale. Why was I cursed
with this weakness for snack treats?
Well, from now on, exercise every
morning, Homer.

Homer starts his calisthenics, **GRUNTING** rhythmically.
Marge enters.

MARGE

Oh, don't strain yourself, dear.

HOMER

Good idea, Marge. By the way, this Friday night I'm gonna be attending a little get-together with the boys at work. Eugene Fisk is marrying some girl in Valve Maintenance.

MARGE

Homer, is this some kind of stag party?

HOMER

No, no, Marge. It's going to be very classy, a tea-and-crumpets kind of thing.

MARGE

Hmmmm. Eugene Fisk? Isn't he your assistant?

HOMER

No! (QUIETLY) My supervisor.

MARGE

Didn't he used to be your assistant?

HOMER

Hey, what is this? The Spanish Exposition?

MARGE

Sorry, Homer.

Marge exits.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Bart and Lisa are in the foyer. The doorbell RINGS. Bart opens the door a crack.

BART

Oh, oh, it's the fe-mail man.

LISA

Fe-mail carrier, Bart.

Bart opens the door fully. A FEMALE MAIL CARRIER stands there.

BART

(MAIL CARRIER) Lady, where's my spy
camera? Where's my spy camera?
Where's my spy camera? Where's my spy
camera?

MAIL CARRIER

(SIMULTANEOUS WITH ABOVE) Everyday for
the last six months, where's my spy
camera? Where's my spy camera?
Where's my spy camera? Here's your
stupid spy camera!

The Mail Carrier shoves a package at a very surprised Bart. He tears open the package and digs through various layers of wrapping material until he gets to a very small box which contains a camera the size of a matchbox.

BART

Oh thanks, mam. Whoa, man. Look at
the size of this thing. I wonder if it
really works.

Bart presses the shutter. We hear a CLICK and we
FREEZE FRAME

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the right quadrant of Bart's head.

BART (CONT'D)

...'cause I got a lot of spying to do.

Bart sneaks off stealthily with his camera.

INT. SIMPSON BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Homer is doing toe-touching exercises. As he reaches up, his undershirt rides up exposing his gut. We hear a CLICK and

FREEZE FRAME

on photo of Homer with his arms raised and exposed gut.

HOMER

Bart! What are you doing?

BART

Sorry, Dad. The answer to that is top secret.

Bart exits.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

We hear the BUZZ of an electric razor and Marge HUMMING, and we see Bart peek around a corner. Bart raises the camera to his eye and snaps a picture. We hear a CLICK and

FREEZE FRAME

on photo of Marge sitting at her vanity with one arm raised above her head, shaving her armpit. She has an outraged look on her face.

MARGE

Oh, Bart! (MURMURS)

BART

What?

MARGE

Go take some wildlife pictures or something.

Bart sneaks out.

EXT. STREET

Bart parts some bushes and sticks his head through.

BART

Aha!

He snaps a picture. We hear a CLICK and

FREEZE FRAME

on photo of a flattened dead squirrel with tire tracks on its back in the middle of a road.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BART'S ROOM - EVENING

Bart has dropped his pants and is awkwardly trying to take a picture of his naked butt. Lisa appears in the doorway.

LISA

Ewww, gross.

We hear the CLICK of the camera and

FREEZE FRAME

on an incorrectly framed shot that mostly catches Lisa in the doorway with a disgusted expression.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Marge appears at the doorway of Bart's room. Bart is just hitching his pants back up.

LISA

Mom, Bart was taking a picture of his
butt.

BART

Oh sure. Like I'm really gonna take a
picture of my butt.

MARGE

Stop it, you two, and put on some nice clothes. Since it's just the four of us tonight, we're having dinner at the Rusty Barnacle.

LISA

Yay! Fried shrimps!

BART

Aw, Mom. Can't we just grab a burger and... Only four of us? Who escaped?

MARGE

Your father. He's having a boys' night out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

The room has a nautical theme. Gathered around a long table are Homer, EUGENE FISK, MR. FISK and some PLANT WORKERS. Everyone, except the Fisks, is drinking grog and beer out of oversized mugs. The Fisks are wearing nice suits; the others are in shirt-sleeves. Mr. Fisk is standing next to Eugene at the head of the table, making a toast with a discreet glass of sherry.

MR. FISK

And just as I was asking myself, "Where did my seven-year-old boy get the money for a Father's Day present?", I opened the box, and inside was little Eugene's baseball glove. He had given me the one thing that mattered most to him in the whole world. Eugene, when I see you, the one thing that matters most to me in the whole world, married tomorrow, I'm going to know just how you felt that day.

EUGENE

I love you, Dad.

MR. FISK

I love you, son.

ON HOMER

He is sitting with CARL and LENNY, who has a hacking cough for a laugh.

HOMER

(ASIDE TO CARL) Where am I... the Planet Cornball?

LENNY

So yesterday I ask the guy if there's anything he wants at the party and Eugene says (HACKING LAUGH) he says, "can I bring my fiancee?"

They all crack up.

CARL

Hey, don't worry. Things are going to pick up once the... entertainment gets here.

HOMER

Oooh... entertainment.

CARL

Yes sir!

INT. RUSTY BARNACLE - NIGHT

Marge, Lisa, Bart and Maggia (in highchair), are at a table. Lisa is wearing a pirate hat made by folding an unused placemat on the dotted lines. There is a "Catch of the Day" sign next to the table near Bart's seat. The removable letters read "COD PLATTER \$4.95." An obsequious WAITER wearing a sailor suit is talking to Bart. We hear muffled SINGING in the background.

WORKERS

(SINGING) "Whose that knocking at my door? Whose that knocking at my door? Whose that knocking at my door? Asked the fair young maiden. It's only me from across the sea. Said Barnacle Bill the sailor."

WAITER

Ahoy, I spy the children's menu! Ahoy, I recommend the Moby Dick -- hot dog chunks in a sea of navy beans.

BART

Ahoy, this place bites.

MARGE

Bart!

WAITER

(TO BART) So, what's it gonna be, me little bucko?

BART

(CHUCKLES) Hmmmm... let's see, this evening I shall go for the squid platter.

LISA

Ewwwww!

BART

With extra tentacles, please.

MARGE

Oh, Bart. (TO WAITER) Excuse me, sir. The party next door seems to be a little raucous. Could you please ask them to quiet down a little bit, please?

WAITER

Aye! Aye!

The waiter exits.

BART POV

We see him filling out a service questionnaire, checking "unsatisfactory" in every category GRUNTING as he checks them off. Bart CHUCKLES to himself.

INT. RUSTY BARNACLE - ENTRANCE TO PRIVATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The waiter walks up to a door marked with a skull and crossbones and the inscription "Davey Jones' Locker: Private V.I.P. Lounge." The SINGING grows louder as he opens the door and sticks his head in.

WORKERS (O.S.)

(SINGING) "What if I should let you
in? What if I should let you in? What
if I should let you in", asked the fair
young maiden."

INT. PARTY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The plant workers, including Homer, are singing with their arms over each other's shoulders. Eugene and Mr. Fisk are hunched over at the end of the table, exchanging unhappy glances.

WAITER

Hey, try and keep it down guys, okay?

HOMER

Oh shut up.

WORKERS

"Open the door, and lie on the floor,"
said Barnacle Bill the sailor!"

INT. RUSTY BARNACLE - UPSTAIRS

Bart is turned around in his seat. We see Bart quickly rearranging the letters on the "COD PLATTER" sign to read "COLD PET RAT \$4.95." The waiter arrives with a tray of food.

WAITER

(TO MARGE) Here you go... (TO LISA)
There you are. (TO MAGGIE) ... for the
baby... and one squid platter, extra
tentacles.

The waiter slides a plate of squid tentacles towards Bart. Bart stares at the plate. The smile fades from his face. Bart GROANS, turns pale, and woozily slides under the table.

MARGE

Bart! Quit fooling around and eat your dinner.

LISA

Yeah. Eat it, Bart.

Bart pokes his head back up.

BART

May I please be excused for a minute?

MARGE

Okay, but don't dawdle. Your food will get cold.

Bart MOANS, gets up and leaves the table.

INT. PARTY ROOM

Carl addresses Eugene. Mr. Fisk has his arm around Eugene. Everyone's attention is focused on the door.

CARL

Okay, Eugene. One last taste of bachelor freedom.

Carl presses a button on a nearby ghetto-blaster. ARABIAN BELLY-DANCING MUSIC starts playing mid-song.

LENNY

Presenting Princess Kashmir, Queen of the Mysterious East!

Lenny opens the door and a BELLY DANCER enters, quickly removing her terrycloth robe to reveal her belly-dancing outfit. She starts to dance. The workers begin to OOOH and AHHH, building to BARKS and HOWLS. The belly dancer dances around the Fisks, who look sick.

~~NEW REGLE~~

CARL

Now this is what I call a party.

LENNY

It doesn't get any better than this.

MR. FISK

(TO EUGENE) How do I tell you this, my boy? We're in hell.

HOMER

(RE EUGENE) Ooh, look at him squirm.

~~CUT WIDE~~

Princess Kashmir, finding the Fisks unresponsive, turns toward Homer. Homer enthusiastically takes it all in until he realizes she has singled him out.

HOMER

(GULPS)

CARL

Go for it, Homer!

Carl gives Homer a shove from behind and Homer reluctantly makes a few dance-like moves. The revelers HOWL encouragement, CHANT "Homer, Homer, Homer" and AD LIB SIMULTANEOUSLY: "Shake it, Homer," "Go, Homer, go," "Party," "Owww", etc. Homer, emboldened, begins to enjoy being in the spotlight.

INT. RUSTY SCUPPER - DOWNSTAIRS

Bart walks out of the "Bucys" Room past the "Gulls" Room and, hearing the revelry, goes to the private room and opens the door.

INT. PARTY ROOM

An open-shirted Homer is up on the table, dancing with abandon with Princess Kashmir. The Princess undulates at Homer and he shakes his belly from side to side in response.

CARL

Hey, get a load of those navel
maneuvers! (CHUCKLES) Get it?

Homer takes a dollar bill and stuffs it into the top of the Princess' pants. Bart, without taking his eyes off the scene, reaches into his pocket and brings out the spy camera.

WORKERS

Homer... Homer... Homer.

We hear the CLICK of the camera and

PRINCESS PRIMES

on a smiling, open-shirted Homer stuffing money into the Princess' cleavage.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOL - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

We PULL IN on the school.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL - DARKROOM - DAY

The scene is entirely lit by red safe light. A group of nerdy students, led by MARTIN PRINCE, are huddled around bowls of chemicals.

MARTIN

The meeting of the Future Photographers
of America is now in session.

He BANGS a gavel. We PAN ACROSS row of students. Each has a large, expensive camera in front of him. We end on Bart with his miniature camera.

MARTIN

We would like to welcome our new
member, Bart Simpson.

There is scattered APPLAUSE.

BART

Oh, people, people, don't applaud.
Let's get to work.

MONTAGE:

(A) Bart opens his camera and pulls out an extremely slender roll of film.

(B) As Milhouse watches, Bart shakes a canister of film developing solution (looking a little like Carmen Miranda).

(C) Bart adjusts the focus on the printer.

(D) We are CLOSE ON developer tray as a print of Homer dancing with Princess Kashmir fades in, showing stomach first.

MARTIN

My goodness! Quite exciting.

PULL OUT

To reveal photography club gathered around Bart, who holds up the dripping photo.

GIRL #1

Extremely sensual.

BOY #1

The subtle gray tones recall the work
of Helmut Newton.

MARTIN

Who's the sexy lady, Bart?

BART

Beats me, but the guy dancing with her
is my Pop.

ALL KIDS

Wow!

BOY #1

He brings to mind the later work of
Diane Arbus.

MARTIN

Bart, I'd really appreciate a print of
your masterwork.

The other kids AD LIB "Yeah," "Me too," "One for me," "I'll take one," etc.

BART

Sorry guys. No can do.

The kids GRUMBLE and turn to their own darkroom projects.

MILHOUSE

Come on, Bart. You're gonna make me a print, aren't you?

BART

Will you swear not to let another living soul get a copy of this photo?

MILHOUSE

Okay.

BART

Cross your heart and hope to die?

MILHOUSE

Yep.

BART

Stick a needle in your eye?

MILHOUSE

Yep.

BART

Jam a dagger in your thigh?

MILHOUSE

Yep.

BART

Eat a horse manure pie?

MILHOUSE

(PAUSE) Yep.

BART

Well, okay.

He starts to make another print.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY

Milhouse is showing his picture to FREDDIE.

MILHOUSE

(WHISPERS) Psst. Look what I got.

Milhouse opens his notebook for a moment, flashing the Homer photo, then slams the notebook shut.

FREDDIE

Whoa! I got to have a copy of that.

MILHOUSE

Sorry.

FREDDIE

Aw, come on.

MILHOUSE

Well, okay.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - NEAR XEROX MACHINE

Milhouse and Freddie are at the machine. Milhouse puts the photo in the xerox machine and puts the nickel in the slot. We hear the CLINK of the nickel and the HUM of the machine and see a copy come out.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

LEWIS

Hey, Bart, how come Milhouse gets a copy of your girlie picture and I don't? I thought I was your friend, too.

BART

Well, okay.

INT. LIBRARY NEAR XEROX MACHINE

Freddie, whose just gotten his picture from Milhouse, grabs a stack of xeroxes, takes his original and crosses right. Bart and Lewis walk up and start to make another copy.

INT. LIBRARY NEAR XEROX MACHINE

A montage of nickels being inserted into the Xerox machine slot and copies of the Homer photo coming out.

INT. LEWIS'S HOUSE - DAY

Lewis stands sadly before his parents, who are holding out the Homer photo.

LEWIS'S DAD

Son, why are you wasting your time with this sleazy trash? Now, go outside, young man. I want you to think about what you just did.

LEWIS

Sorry, Dad.

Lewis exits.

LEWIS'S DAD

(CHUCKLES) Wait 'till I show the guys at work this little doozy.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

AL, an executive in a suit, is on the phone in his large office. Behind him, a copy of the Homer picture is coming out of his fax machine. Above the picture on the fax paper is the inscription "Take this job and stuff it."

AL

(CHUCKLING INTO PHONE) Mike? This is
Al. Just wanted to thank you for the
"informative memo" you faxed me.
Whoops, here comes the boss. Gotta go.
(HANGS UP PHONE).

BOSS enters with xerox of Homer's photo.

BOSS

Hey, Al. Not so fast. Come here and
show me how to work this fax thing.

We see that he has the Homer photo. He CHUCKLES.

INT. REV. LOVEJOY'S STUDY - DAY

The REVEREND is reading when his SECRETARY enters.

SECRETARY

Reverend Lovejoy, your wife
confiscated this from one of the boys
in the choir.

LOVEJOY POV

He is looking at the photo of Homer.

LOVEJOY (V.O.)

Why, this sheep has strayed from my own
flock. His name's...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - DAY

BURNS POV

He is also holding the photo.

SMITHERS (V.O.)

Homer Simpson, sir. A low-level
employee in sector 7-G.

BURNS AND SMITHERS

BURNS

Simpson, eh? A family man?

SMITHERS

Wife and three kids, sir.

BURNS

I'd like to see our self-styled
Valentino tomorrow morning, Smithers.

INT. AEROBIC STUDIO

We are CLOSE-UP on a copy of Homer's picture. Someone has written "Watch out bathing suit season is just around the corner" and drawn an arrow to Homer's stomach. We hear WOMEN CHUCKLING O.S. We PULL OUT to show a group of women in workout clothes standing around the picture. Marge enters and comes up behind them.

MARGE

What are we laughing at?

They turn, revealing the picture. She GASPS and tears the picture off the wall.

INT. QUICK-E-MART - EVENING

Homer walks up to the counter with a donut and hands the CLERK two dollars.

HOMER

One glazed and one scratch-and-win,
please.

CLERK

You look familiar, sir. Are you on the television or something?

HOMER

Sorry, buddy. You got me confused with Fred Flintstone. (CHUCKLES)

As the clerk reaches to get Homer his lottery ticket, we see that the "Take This Job and Stuff It" fax with Homer's picture is taped behind the counter. Homer begins scratching the ticket boxes off.

HOMER

Oooh, Liberty bell! (GASPS) Another liberty bell! One more and I'm a millionaire. Come on, Liberty bell! Please, please, please, please, please. (ANNOYED GRUNT) That purple fruit thing! Where were you yesterday?

Homer tears up his ticket.

A HAPPY MAN enters, notices Homer, and gives him a two-thumbs-up sign and a conspiratorial wink.

HAPPY MAN

Hey, hey! Looking good!

HOMER

What are you on, pal?

A LITTLE BOY enters and spots Homer.

LITTLE BOY

Hey, mister! (HUMS BELLY DANCING MUSIC) Doo doo doo doo doo, doo dee doo dee doo...

HOMER

Well, a doo dee doo doo to you, too,
pint-size.

Looking at the clerk, Homer makes the "cuckoo" sign,
twirling his finger at his temple.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Geez, you get a lot of nutcases in
here.

CLERK

Oh sir, I've seen things you can't
imagine.

Homer exits.

EXT. QUICK-E-MART PARKING LOT

Homer crosses to his car. A FUNKY GUY comes in the
opposite direction, doing a little belly dance.

FUNKY GUY

Hey hey hey!

Homer does a dance in return.

HOMER

I hear ya, buddy! (TO HIMSELF) Whew!

Full moon!

Homer gets in his car.

EXT. INTERSECTION

Homer pulls up to a stoplight. A carful of TEENAGE GIRLS
pull up next to him. They are all gyrating. Homer
delightedly returns the dance in response. The girls
APPLAUD.

HOMER

Hmm... still got it!

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE

Homer pulls up, gets out of his car and jauntily strides to the front door WHISTLING the belly dance music.

HOMER P.O.V.

The front door opens. Marge is there. She thrusts the picture into his face.

MARGE

What is the meaning of this?

HOMER

(NERVOUSLY) It's meaningless, Marge.

D-don't even attempt to find meaning in it. There's nothing between me and Princess Kashmir.

MARGE

Princess who?

Bart enters.

BART

Hey, my photo!

MARGE/HOMER

(ANGRILY) Your photo?

BART

Uh oh.

Homer starts for Bart. Marge grabs Homer by the collar.

HOMER

Why you little --

MARGE

Why you big...

HOMER

(GAGS)

MARGE

Bart, go to your room!

BART

(NERVOUS) I'm out of here.

Bart zips out of the room.

HOMER

Look, Marge... honey... baby... doll.

MARGE

(COOL ANGER) Homer, I don't even want
to look at you right now.

Marge goes to the door and opens it.

HOMER

What are you saying, Honey?

She points outside.

HOMER (CONT'D)

But where will I sleep?

MARGE

My suggestion is for you to sleep in
the filth you created.

HOMER

Would a motel be okay?

Homer goes out the front door. Marge SLAMS it behind him.

EXT. SIMPSON FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Homer stands on the lawn, staring at the house in confusion and disbelief. He SIGHS. A few beats later, the front door CREAKS open. Homer sees Marge.

HOMER

Aw, I knew you'd come to your...

Marge throws a packed suitcase which hits him in the face with a WHOMP. The suitcase pops open and spills the clothes on the lawn. Homer GRUNTS in pain. The door SLAMS shut. Homer looks at the clothes around him. He cringes. Marge marches straight toward him and hands him a box of tissues.

MARGE

(CRYING) Here, if you have any soul left, you'll need these. I know I will.

We hear DOOR SLAM. Homer picks up the suitcase and carries the box of tissues underneath his arm and walks off. From behind we see him SNIFFLE and grab a tissue. Marge SNIFFLES.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Homer sits at the bar next to BARNEY, glumly nursing a drink. MOE is behind the bar. A sign behind the bar reads "Ladies Night: Unescorted Ladies Drink Free." As a result, there's a middle-aged WOMAN in an overcoat at the bar tonight.

MOE

What's the matter, Homer? Hottest
Ladies Night in months and you're not
even checking out the action.

HOMER

Oh, Moe. My wife gave me the old
heave-ho because of some lousy picture.

MOE

What, this one?

Moe points to the wall, where a xerox copy of the photo hangs in a frame.

HOMER

(EXASPERATED MOAN)

BARNEY

So where you staying tonight, Homer?

HOMER

Motel, I guess.

BARNEY

Oh, no. No pal of mine is gonna stay
in some dingy flophouse.

INT. BARNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The place is a mess, with dirty clothes lying on the floor and hanging on doorknobs, fresh laundry drying out on the porch, and dishes stacked in the sink. On the wall is a faded and peeling Farrah Fawcett-Majors poster. Homer stares sadly out the window.

BARNEY

If you get hungry in the middle of the
night, there's an open beer in the
fridge.

Barney joins Homer at the window. Homer points outside.

HOMER

Look, Barney. See the row of tiny
lights up there? The middle one is my
house. Someone must have left the
porch light on.

BARNEY

Hey, that's rough, pal.

Homer continues to stare out the window. Barney goes over to the phone and dials it.

BARNEY (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Hello, Marge,

MARGE

Huh, what?

BARNEY (CONT'D)

You left your damn porch light on.

HOMER

Barney!

BARNEY

(INTO PHONE) Homer's not made of
money, you know.

MARGE

Who is this?

Homer runs over to the phone and wrestles it away from Barney. We hear Marge's puzzled MURMURS over the receiver.

HOMER

Don't listen to him, Marge, he's...

MARGE

Oh, it's you.

We HEAR the phone being hung-up and the SOUND of a dial tone. Homer puts down the receiver and MUTTERS in a despaired tone.

BARNEY

Homer, you're overwrought. Why don't you unwind a little bit? Party down the hall. You know this apartment complex caters to upscale young singles like me. (BURPS)

HOMER

No, Barn. I just want to crawl into bed.

Barney picks up a can of "Swanky Gent" hair-thickening gel off the floor, sprays some into his hand and works it into his hair.

BARNEY

(BURP) Suit yourself, Homer. The couch folds out and there's sheets in the hamper. Nighty-night.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BARNEY'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

The lights are off. Homer lies wide-eyed on the fold-out bed with no covers. DISCO MUSIC from the party is audible through the walls.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Bart, Lisa, Maggie and Marge are at the table. They are all eating oatmeal, CLANKING their spoons and SPLURPING joylessly. Bart and Lisa exchange worried looks.

LISA

(WHISPERS TO BART) I wonder when Dad's coming home?

Everyone stops eating and stares in shock. Two beats later they bow their heads and resume SLURPING joylessly.

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - MORNING

Homer is at work. He is bleary-eyed.

SMITHERS (V.O.)

(OVER P.A.) Homer Simpson! Homer Simpson! Report at once to Mr. Burns' office.

HOMER

(GULPS) Oh no!

INT. BURNS' OFFICE - MORNING

Mr. Burns is seated behind his desk. Smithers stands next to him. Homer is seated in front of the desk.

BURNS

What in blue blazes do you think you're
doing, Simpson?

HOMER

What do you mean, sir?

BURNS

I mean this!

HOMER

(GULPS)

Burns takes out assorted xeroxes and faxes of Bart's photo.

BURNS (CONT'D)

A plant employee carrying on like an
oversexed orangutan in heat! This is a
family nuclear-power plant, Simpson.
Our research indicates that over 50
percent of our power is used by women.
I will not have you offending my
customers with your bawdy shenanigans!

HOMER

It won't happen again, sir. I promise.
May I get out of your sight now?

Homer starts to go.

BURNS

Just a second, Simpson! Smithers,
would you leave the room for a minute?

SMITHERS

Yes, sir.

Smithers leaves. Homer sits back down.

BURNS

Simpson, I am by most measures a successful man. I have wealth and power beyond the dreams of you and your clock-punching ilk. And yet, I've led a solitary life. The fair sex remains a mystery to me. You seem to have a way with women, a certain... how shall I put it? Animal magnetisme. Help me, Simpson. Tell me your secret.

HOMER

Uh... Mr. Burns, in spite of what everybody thinks, I'm no lover-boy.

BURNS

Simpson, I'm asking you nicely.

HOMER

I don't really know, sir.

BURNS

(ANGRILY) Simpson!

HOMER

Uh... Well... Wine 'em, dine 'em, bring 'em flowers, write 'em love poetry, sir.

BURNS

Of course! It's simplicity itself! I won't forget this, Simpson. Now return to your work, and tell no one of what transpired here.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bart and Lisa are watching TV when there is a KNOCK on the door. Homer sticks his head in sheepishly.

HOMER

(LOW) Anybody home?

LISA

(LOW) Hi, Daddy.

Lisa hugs Homer.

BART

(LOW) Welcome back, Dad.

HOMER

(LOW) How's your Mom?

LISA

(LOW) Still kinda ticked off.

BART

(LOW) Yeah, good luck, man.

HOMER

(SURPRISED LOW) Oh, thank you, boy.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN AFTERNOON

Homer walks into kitchen. Marge sits at the table, staring at him.

HOMER

Hello, Marge. It's me. Homer.

Marge continues to stare at him.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Are you still mad?... You are still
mad. No need to say it. I'm your
loving husband. I can read you like a
book. I'll just have some milk.

Homer grabs a carton of milk off the counter and pours
himself a glass. He drinks, leaving a milk moustache.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Look, I'm not drinking out of the
carton. (BREAKING DOWN) Come on,
Marge. Please forgive me? I'm sorry.
I'm so sorry.

MARGE

Homer! You don't even know why you're
apologizing.

HOMER

Yes I do. Because I'm (PITIFULLY)
hungry... my clothes are smelly... and
I'm tired.

MARGE

I've been thinking, Homer, and you know
what bothers me the most about this
whole thing? You taught Bart a very
bad lesson. Your boy idolizes you.

HOMER

Oh, he does not!

MARGE

Yes he does, Homer. And when he sees you treating women as objects, he's going to think that it's okay. You owe your son better than that, Homer.

HOMER

So what should I do, Marge?

MARGE

Well, I think you should take Bart to meet this exotic belly-person. I want him to see that she's a real human being with real thoughts and real feelings. I want Bart to see you apologize for the way you treated her.

HOMER

Okay, your wish is my command, my little...

MARGE

(SHARPLY) Do it!

Homer hustles out the kitchen.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLORENCE OF ARABIA - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The sign outside reads "Florence of Arabia -- Middle Eastern cuisine and exotic dancing." There is a painting of a belly dancer on the wall. Homer drags a wide-eyed Bart inside.

INT. FLORENCE OF ARABIA - DINING ROOM

Homer is talking with the manager. Bart is watching a belly dancer who is moving among the tables.

MANAGER

Princess Kashmir? You must mean April Flowers. She's working over at the Girlesque.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GIRLESQUE - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The neon sign outside has a dancing girl effect similar to the shooting cowboy in Las Vegas. Below that is a sign advertising "Friday - Wet T-Shirt Contest. Mature Audiences Only."

INT. GIRLESQUE - CONTINUES

Homer is talking to a MAN at the door. Bart is staring with bugged-out eyes at the stage, where a MAN is throwing buckets of water onto O.S. WOMEN.

HOMER

You see, I'm trying to teach my son
here about treating women as objects.

MAN AT DOOR

Good idea. But April's over at Foxy
Boxing tonight.

Homer yanks Bart's out.

INT. FOXY BOXING - A LITTLE LATER

Homer is talking with the TICKET-SELLER. In the back room, we see two WOMEN in skimpy outfits in a boxing ring. Bart is jumping up and down, trying to see over two MEN who are standing in the doorway.

TICKET-SELLER

Just let me say that it's an honor to
have Springfield's number-one swinger
here with us --

HOMER

Forget that. I'm teaching my boy a
lesson. Is she here or not?

TICKET-SELLER

Nahhh. Try Mud City.

Homer pulls Bart out the door.

Marquee reads: CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE MUD KIND -- MUD,
MUD, MUD.

INT. CLUB MUD - A LITTLE LATER

Homer is in the background, talking to the MANAGER. CHEERS
are heard from the upstairs room. Two mud-covered WOMEN
come down the stairs and walk by a catatonic Bart on their
way to the dressing room. A BARKER is heard on a P.A.
speaker.

BART

Whoa, momma!

BARKER (V.O.)

(OVER SPEAKER) Oily goils toil in the
soil! Unshod bodes plod in the sod!
That's right folks, it's a nonstop flop
in the slop, so come on up!

Homer leaves the manager and comes over to Bart.

HOMER

She's not here.

BART

Maybe we should look around just to be
sure.

Homer yanks Bart out the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAWDY SHOP

Homer is on a pay phone to Marge in the lobby. He is YELLING into the phone over CHEESY DISCO MUSIC.

HOMER

(OVER PHONE) Marge. (MORE LOUDLY)

Marge. We're gonna try one more place.
The Sapphire Lounge. (COVERS PHONE - TO
BART) Bart! I said look at the floor!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. YE OLDE OFF RAMP INN - EVENING

We see Homer drive up and drag Bart toward the Sapphire Lounge, where the sign outside reads "Reno-style Revue. 23 of the World's Most Beautiful Women."

INT. SAPPHIRE LOUNGE - A LITTLE LATER

Homer, with Bart next to him, is searching around backstage as the WOMEN walk by. They are dressed in frilly sequined fantasy outfits as angels, fairy queens, cats and birds.

HOMER

There she is! Hey, Princess! It's me,
the guy from the snapshot!

Homer and Bart run over to where the Princess is standing. She is wearing a birdlike outfit, with big wings and a feathery headdress. She is standing next to a big white bird cage. The Princess is adjusting her costume provocatively.

PRINCESS

(NOT REMEMBERING) Oh. Oh, hi.

STAGE MANAGER (V.O.)

Places, ladies! This is places. Can I
get just a little cooperation? It's
showtime!

The Princess steps into the bird cage and Homer follows her.

HOMER

Look, I'm here because I want to
apologize for treating you like an
object.

PRINCESS KASHMIR

Huh huh.

HOMER

I also want my boy here to find out
that you're more than just a belly. I
want to meet the woman behind all the
spangles and glitter and find out that
she has thoughts and feelings, too.

PRINCESS KASHMIR

Oh, okay, but can we make it quick?

BART

Nice to meet you, ma'am.

HOMER

Could you tell him a little bit about
yourself?

PRINCESS

Well, my real name's Shawna Tifton. My pet peeve is rude people, and my turn-ons include silk sheets and a warm fireplace.

The bird cage lurches and, making HYDRAULIC NOISES, starts to rise off the floor.

HOMER

There, boy, have you learned your...

(REALIZING) Ahhh!

Bart looks up at the rising cage.

BART

Cool, man.

ON STAGE

The musical number begins. GULLIVER DARK steps into the spotlight.

GULLIVER DARK

(SINGS) "I've heard them say so of-ten
they could love their wives a-lone, but
I think that's just fool-ish; men must
have hearts made of stone. Now my
heart is made of soft-er stuff; it
melts at each warm glance. A pret-ty
girl can't look my way, with-out a new
romance. I loved a girl whose eyes
shone forth, just like a crys-tal mask.
I loved her till I found out that her
eye was made of glass. I loved a girl
whose form, it was a gor-geous thing to
see. I loved her till I found out that
part of it was a tree."

The lights come up, showing an elegant array of DANCERS
playing their harps, waving their wands, flapping their
wings.

GULLIVER DARK

(SINGS) "Oh, I could love a million
girls, in ev-ry girl a twin. I could
love a Chi-nese girl, an Es-ki-mo or
Finn. I could love a Ger-man girl, a
girl with gold-en curls. In fact I
think that I could love a-bout a mil-
lion girls."

The cage containing Homer and Princess is rising off the
floor and into the air.

HOMER

I gotta get out of here.

Homer opens the cage and lowers himself on the bars to the drops down, but the cage has risen to a dangerous height.

HOMER

(LOOKING DOWN) Oh no.

PRINCESS KASHMIR

Get out of my cage! My boss will freak out.

The Princess steps on Homer's hands. Homer lets go and drops.

HOMER

(SHRIEKS) Ahhhhhh!

Homer lands with an OOOOFF on a huge staircase which is the centerpiece of the show. It is lined with BEAUTIFUL WOMEN. Homer rolls down the entire length of the stairs YELLING AND GRUNTING in pain every step of the way. The orchestra stops playing and the audience MURMURS anxiously.

GULLIVER DARK

(HISSING WHISPER) Hey! Get off my stage, fat boy.

HOMER

(MOANS)

THEATRE-GOER #1

Hey, it's the guy from the picture.

ON BURNS

Burns sits at a table with TWO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN. Smithers is serving them champagne.

BURNS

Homer Simpson!

The audience starts to APPLAUD and CHANT, "Homer, Homer, Homer". Gulliver Dark looks surprised, then offers a hand to Homer and pulls him to his feet.

GULLIVER DARK

(WHISPERS IN HOMER'S EAR) Oh! Sorry, partner. I didn't recognize you at first. Ladies and gentlemen, it's an honor to have a real swinging cat with us tonight -- Homer Simpson.

Gulliver turns to the orchestra conductor.

GULLIVER DARK

Maestro?

The orchestra resumes playing, Gulliver Dark resumes singing.

GULLIVER DARK (CONT'D)

(SINGS) "Oh, I could love a million girls, in ev-ry girl a twin. I could love a Chinese girl, an Eskimo or Finn. I could love a German girl, a girl with golden curls."

Gulliver extends mike to Homer.

HOMER

(SINGS) "In fact I think that I could love about a million girls."

ON HOMER

Buoyed by the crowd, Homer starts to dance with the chorus girls. Suddenly, something O.S. catches Homer's attention.

HOMER'S POV

Bart is looking at him with admiration.

BART

Way to go, Dad.

ON STAGE

HOMER

Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Stop
the music...

The crowd simultaneously chants HOMER, HOMER, HOMER.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Quiet please... I have something to
say. Quiet!

Suddenly the telltale silhouette of Marge's hair moves into frame, blocking the view.

BURNS

You with the hair. Down in front.

NEW ANGLE

Marge sees Homer on stage.

MARGE

Oh no. He's sunk even lower.

HOMER

Quiet! I have something to say to all the sons out there; to all the boys; to all the men; to all of us. It's about women, and how they are not mere objects with curves that make us crazy. No, they are our wives, they are our daughters, our sisters, our grandmas, our aunts, our nieces and nephews -- well, not our nephews -- they are our mothers. And you know something, folks? As ridiculous as it sounds, I would rather feel the sweet breath of my beautiful wife on the back of my neck as I sleep, than stuff dollar bills into some stranger's cleavage. Am I wrong, or am I right?

We hear audience AD LIB: "You know he's right", etc. There's not a dry eye in the house. We hear SNIFFLES in the audience.

THEATRE-GOER #2

My wife gets the cutest little thing right here (INDICATES LAUGHINES) when she smiles.

THEATRE-GOER #1

(SHOWING WALLET-SIZED PICTURE) This is my Suzie.

THEATRE-GOER #2

Ah! so cute. Here's mine. She'll be seven next week.

GULLIVER DARK

You know, my Mom sounded a little down the other day. I better give her a call.

We hear the SCRAPING of chairs being pushed back as the audience starts to leave.

NEW ANGLE

Standing in the back of the hall, Marge has tears in her eyes.

MARGE

(CALLING OUT) Homer!

HOMER

Marge!

Marge runs up on stage to Homer. They embrace. The audience exclaims ~~AM~~ and bursts out in APPLAUSE as Homer and Marge kiss romantically.

BURNS

How does he do it, Smithers?

SMITHERS

He's a love machine, sir.

Bart steps out on stage and motions for quiet with his hands.

BART

All right folks. Show's over. No more
to see here, folks. Come on. Let's
move it. Come on. Let's go. No
rubber-necking. Come on, move along
now.

FADE OUT.

THE END